The Ladies' Monitor.

"THE MIND TO IMPROVE, AND YET AMUSE."

VOL. I.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1801. [NO. VIII.

A new novel, entitled, "MARGARETTA; OR, THE VILLAGE MAID," will shortly be handed for publication. We shall insert a few pages in the LADIES' MONITOR, as a specimen of the work, that those who may wish to become subscribers may be enabled to form an idea of its merit. it is written by the authoress of the SECOND VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN, BEGGAR-GIRL, &c. &c.

[CONTINUED.]

Do you suppose, Margaretta, that your father your mother would object to your going with me, if I promise to make a lady of you?

Indeed, sir, (with still averted face) such promises or proposals have never been stated to them; so I can't pretend to say whether they would or not.

Well, suppose I do state them, I could flatter myself with your approbation? Say, shall I ask you of your father at his return from the potatoe-patch?

Oh! no, Sir—Why not, my sweet girl? I paused some moments; she made no reply. Shall I request you of your mother? No, no;—Oh no; quite breathless. Say, dear creature, why this agitation? I hope, Margaretta, you are void of a disadvantageous fear of me; look at me, my love. Let me intreat you to banish that unnecessary bashfulness. Look upon me as your friend. Indeed, Margaretta, it is my most earnest wish to see you in a more comfortable situation.

I never had cause to utter complaints against my humble allotment in life; I can see no reason therefore of aspiring to an elevation in which, perchance, I might not be as truly happy as I now am. Besides, Sir, our ideas of happiness are various: It is a mere phantom that chiefly consists in comparison; for a trifle to exempt my parents from labour, would be superabundance to me, and under the same circumstances you would no doubt think yourself very badly situated.

And would you not wish to partake with them of the benefit of a competency?

I must confess, that it would be a very desirable object, provided I could consistantly with my duty to them. Yet Sir, as long as heaven grants me health, and these hands I shall never want for a comfortable subsistence.

Here was a display of wisdom rarely to be met with among the youthful or aged. In this apparently simple recluse a degree of genuine philosophy abounds, that might put many of our scholastic boasters to the deepest blush.

As I sat musing on the extraordinary merit of this lovely girl, I was summoned to dinner.

It is now near 4 o'clock. I must devote as much of my time as possible to this charming maid. In the evening you shall have the conclusion of this day's adventures.

[Evening.] As I entered the cottage this afternoon, Margaretta was knitting. She smiled as I took the ball that was attended to her sisters winding-blades. I told her as she was so industrious, I would let her see that I could be influenced by a good example. But, Margaretta, tell me, do your mother and you go to the potatoe-patch by turns? No, sir; my constitution will not admit of my doing any laborious work. Then, my sweet girl, you must consent to be a lady. She smiled, but made no reply.

We prattled away an hour in the most sweetly innocent converse. The dignity of genuine virtue, with the unaffected simplicity of truth, is eminently displayed in every word and action of this lovely creature. And, unconscious of her power, she steals imperceptibly upon my heart, and almost unknown to myself, makes me a votary to virtue.

The arrival of the cart interrupted this delightful tete-a-tete. She sprang to the door, to meet her parents and sister.—I suppose, mammy, said this feeling daughter, you are very tired, indeed I was

very sorry all day that I was not allowed to go into the field with you. But to-morrow you shall stay and rest yourself, while I take your place in the patch. O my child, the work is done; neither of us need go out to-morrow. I was pleased at hearing this as I should have been uneasy to know her exposed to hardships her constitution is unable to bear.

To refresh them somewhat after a day of labour, I ordered some wine from the inn. I observed, as I handed the goblet to her mother, that a spark of gratitude glistened in Margaretta's expressive eye. You are very kind, sir; have you spent much time with Maggy? Not so much, I assure you, dame, as I intend to spend with her. She gave me a highly significant look, but was silent.

After the bustle of arranging their farming utensils had subsided, and the old cottager seated in his arm-chair, I complimented him on being the father of such beautiful children, and spoke to him of the necessity of having them well educated, as by that means they might have it in their power to move in a higher sphere. Besides, sir; consder but one moment on the advantages that might accrue to yourself from the more prosperous condition of your children. It might possibly insure your aged days a state of ease and independence.

He listened very attentively; and then sat silent a considerable time. At length he said—It is not in my power sir, to have my children educated as I could wish. Margaretta knows very well how to read and write; this I think is enough for a poor man's daughter. As for Adelle, I must leave her to the care of providence. But suppose, father, I could devise means whereby you might all be more advantageously situated, would you agree to leave this village on certain conditions that would tend to your better establishment, and that of your children? I shall answer you sir according to the nature of your proposal. I wish, continued he, to see my daughters settled in the world before I leave it. You, sir, perhaps know of an industrious young man that would suit my daughter Margaretta. She is courted by one, a clever industrious young man—but her inclinations, forsooth, oppose all my measure of prudence. Even in this, sir, that so nearly relates to her own welfare and interest, she will not listen to her father's admonitions. I wish sir, you would use your influence to persuade her to her duty. Tell her how much more acceptable a child is to God that follows her parent's injuctions implicitly. Tell her that I shall not be able to rest in my grave unless she marry Nichlas Nelson. Tell her any thing that may induce her to take this step, which will make her mother, myself, and herself as blessed as we could wish. I will, father, said I, use all my powers of persuasion to make her consent to be happy.

During this harangue, Margaretta had been in the garden. She entered the room as I finished the last sentence. Her hand and bosom filled and covered with rose buds. She presented me with one branch, on which was a half-blown rose and a bud. I shall take this to P——, said I, to remember you. She seated herself opposite to me, and her eye beamed a look of approbation and internal satisfaction.

I chatted with them till the close of the day, and then, would you believe it? I left this humble house with regret. All the pomp and parade of oppulence could not furnish me with one day of sweeter delight, and with that heart-felt happiness that I enjoyed in the course of this one in the humble society of these lowly people.

WILLIAM DE BENSON.

THE BEGGAR-GIRL: A NOVEL.

By the Authoress of the Second Vindication of the Rights of Women....Never before Published.

[CONTINUED.]

Monsieur Sontine left his friends deeply engaged in a controversy, in which, from the uneasiness of his mind, he would take little or no share. He took several turns in the out-hall; and then mounted the steps with a resolution to inspect every spot of the south-wing of the house. His wife's motive for wishing to live, at that dreary season, in the country, he had heretofore attributed to her wonted capriciousness; and as he could see nothing blame-worthy in it, he was willing to gratify her simple desire. The tale that Jemmy had told, respecting the spectre at the south window, he regarded as the effusion of a fruitful imagination, that he could raise wonders

from a chance-ray of the eye; but when, from the ironical strain of his friend, he had reason to conclude, that something uncommon actually existed in that unfrequented part of the house, his curiosity and uneasiness had no bounds; that which he had believed to be caprice, was, through the medium of suspicion, changed into art, and deep-wrought malice; for, from the description of Jemmy and Pellemont, it was obvious that some unhappy victims were groaning under the pressure of her direful revenge. In how far they might have made themselves guilty of faults or crimes that could have merited it, was to be decided by personal inquiry. These thoughts occupied his mind till he arrived at the very spot that the unfortunate Fontanbleu had just been dragged from. The windows in that room, were those that Jemmy had alluded to. He could espy no trace here of a human being, except that the bed appeared tumbled, and dirty. He had not an idea, that his wife could be cruel enough to confine a helpless creature without admitting of the cheerful coal to animate the lonesome hour, and dispense warmth to the freezing limb. His innate goodness led him to look for cinders on the hearth; and as it appeared that there never had been any in the chimney, he was on the point of leaving the room to go and explore another, when his pocket-handkerchief dropped, and, in stooping to pick it up, he espied a pair of men's slippers under the bed. This threw an instantaneous damp over his heart, and greatly confirmed his suspicion. His eye became tearful as he drew the slippers from under the bed, and reflected on the miseries the owner must have suffered from the probable caprice of an artful woman. For according to Jemmy he must be old, and that of Pellemont he must have been hungry. Hence he resolved not to give over searching until he had found the object of his pity; and then by open conviction to hurl confusion on the hardened heart of his daring wife.

He continued his search from room to room, and from closet to closet: but in vain. Betty had stowed them too securely into the upper loft, out of the reach of both hearing and sight.

Morose and dejected, he at length descended the stairs. He endeavoured to constrain the movements of his mind; yet his uneasiness did not escape the notice of madame. She affected cheerfulness and succeeded tolerably. About twelve o'clock the company dispersed; and John received orders to hold the coach in readiness against four o'clock to carry the family to town. This was as a stroke of electricity upon the frame of madam, but from the present situation of affairs she did not dare to evince the least disinclination to obedience; her silence was a tacit consent, and at four o'clock they were in readiness to ascend the coach when John, in presence of his master, demanded to know of Betty what she intended to do with her lover?—What lover? Why the one you held so carefully concealed under my bed. The fellow is a fool, said Betty, with much confusion; I don't understand him! Monsieur Sontine never interfered in the disputes of his servants, but this hint from John was evidently intruded in his presence for some particular purpose; or he would not have dared to mention it before him. What do you mean? said the master in a high-toned voice. Nothing particular, sir, only as Betty had some one hid under my bed, and I have been at the trouble to guard every door of the house, and saw nobody pass out, I was afraid that the poor creature would starve ere she could have an opportunity to return. John was instantly ordered to put up the coach and horses, and Betty was commanded to attend in the parlour. With a palpitating heart she followed her master. The lady was willing, if possible, to repair out of her husbands sight, but as she was passing the parlour-door, he gave her an angry look, and said her presence was necessary, she should therefore please to step in.—He desired Betty to tell him by whose authority she made use of the liberty of concealing any person in his house! I—I—I—was all Betty could utter. Fear choaked her voice and she was ready to sink. Your hesitating to give me a clear and candid answer, betrays your gilt: It awakes a suspicion in me that you are by no means a trusty servant, and I herewith discharge you.—A pause of some minutes ensued between madame and her husband. Betty had glided out nearly unperceived, so much were they engaged with their own thoughts; at length Monsieur Sontine broke silence, with "I am sur-

prized, my dear at your passiveness! Why did you not order the girl to put the fellow out? or must I entertain the cruel suspicion that you are yourself concerned in the concealment of a person in my house?

I wonder at you Monsieur Sontine for speaking so to me! do you think I know any thing of Betty's sweethearts. If you mean to go home let's go, for I begin to be tired of the country. And pray, said he, what is to become of the person who has complained of hunger in Pellemont's hearing? The turpitude of her heart was visible in the violent emotions of her bosom-ruffle. She burst into tears. The sternness of his countenance relaxed, and his manner became softened. You shall be carried home immediately said he if you will but confess your reasons for secreting a man in the mansion; and exempt me from the abhorrent supposition that I have hitherto fostered you as a viper in my bosom who are willing to sting me to the life, by making yourself guilty of murder. Say, have you cruelty enough in your nature to murder a fellow creature by famine?—I did not mean to murder them! said she, with an apparently contrite heart. "Who?" demanded he abruptly. She had involuntarily betrayed herself. Nobody was the answer. Madam Sontine, said he, in an audible voice, I insist on knowing the name of the sufferer, and the cause for which he suffers! You mean *she suffers* retorted madam jealously darting a pang athwart her breast. She began to conclude that Sontine missed Monima, and that that gave rise to the anxious solicitude he evinced for the welfare and safety of those whom he had a suspicion were under her care or controul. You may make yourself easy, continued she, they shall be safe enough ere this time to-morrow. He paced the room, and his countenance pourtrayed contempt and anguish. You have contradicted yourself, thrice, said he, in the course of fifteen minutes. Your falsehood excites my contempt of you, and hence you cannot expect to be treated with passive lenity; I have resolved to see your prisoners! Then retorted she you will please to seek them yourself, for I am resolved that, with my permission, you never shall see them *again*. He gave her a look of astonishment! and demanded, have a ever seen them? O my dear, said she ironically, give over your hypocrisy this will teach me to be more truthful. I am lost in I chaos of conjecture, said Monsieur Sintine, nothing can disperse the the gloom that at present envelopes my mind but a conviction of your guilt or innocence. Give me the bunch of keys. She drew the keys from her side and threw them on the carpet. There, said she, make the best of them. He picked them up very patiently; and as she steped into the hall, he espied a man on hoseback coming full speed up the green-alley. He awaited his coming at the door; as the man approached he was perceived to be Monsieur Sontine's clerk. He stopped at the door, and the horse panted for breath: Robert, said Sontine, why this speed, is any thing amiss? Your presence in the city, said Robert, is highly necessary. Your ship has arrived in the Delaware, and is in great danger from the floating ice. The cargo will be lost unless an expedient be adopted to unload the vessel immediately. The day was now near its decline. The sun threw the lengthened shadow of the leafless shrubs, and was hastily setting behind the grey forest, when Monsieur Sontine again ordered the coach; and in less than three quarters of an hour after Robert's arrival, they were in readiness for the jaunt to the city, when Monsieur Sontine was missing. In a few minutes he came; his countenance was serene and placid: not a word was exchanged between himself and Madam in the coach, and silently they seated themselves to the fire-side in the city-parlour.

Three days had now nearly elapsed that the wretched prisoners had not had the least nourishment. Hurry and dissipation had entirely banished the poor creatures from Madam's remembrance, and, though she was very willing that they should be provided with victuals this day, yet the opportunity failed by the dismissal of Betty and the intended inspection of the house by her husband. Monsieur Sontine had ordered the coach to be ready at four o'clock, not with the least intention of returning to the city, it was merely to try how his command would operate, and what might probably be the consequence. Her ready obedience to his injunction of preparing for the return, was a matter of wonder

to him and he began to conclude that the whole affair of the uneasiness in the south-end of the mansion was a mere chimera, when the coachman's tale, renewed his suspicion in a double degree; this was an excellent opportunity for him to expostulate on the subject with his wife, and he availed himself of it: the consequence was a conviction of her guilt; and he intended, at all risques, to enlarge the sufferers; when the information of his city affairs proved the indespensible necessity of his attendance. At the time he was missing, he had taken the keys to Jemmy, with positive orders for him to inspect every part of the mansion, from the upper-loft, to the deepest wine-vault; and if, perchance, he should find any person in it, to supply them well with good nourishment, and then send them to town, with proper directions where to find his town-house. Jemmy took the keys and said he would search to-morrow after breakfast. That will be too long, said Monsieur Sontine, I wish you to commence instantly. Jemmy promised he would; and Monsieur Sontine left him with a disburdened mind and a placid countenance.

After the coach had got out of sight, Jemmy began to single the keys; a pretty promise i've made to be sure; why, Suckey, we shall be lost in the mansion. Besides, I have not much notion to go a ghost hunting to night. Suppose we go to bed and take the whole day for it to-morrow? No, no, says Suckey a promise is a promise, and go we will to night. After much altercation they agreed to go, and got several of the neighbours to accompany them in their search. Two stout young men, and one young woman, with Jemmy and Suckey, all provided with clubs and candles and provisions began the range, first in the vaults and cellars and so upward; in every room they made a stay of about a minute. Halloe! whoever is hungry come out of your hole. In that room, however, in which the ghosts had made their appearance, they very cautiously passed without the least notice. When they had proceeded to the other chambers and far enough out of the hearing of the ghost. Suckey whispered, I am glad we are past that room, for I am sure if I'd see the same thing again, I'd surely fall into fits. Well, you may blame yourself, said Jemmy if any thing happens to you, for it is all your own fault. The strangers thought it very queer that Sontine should think there was somebody in his house hungry. I lay any thing, said the young woman, that he saw something in the house himself, and he got *afraid*, and so they all bundled to town, and set you to hunt out the ghost, and fight their battles for them; I declare and protest I am getting quite *afraid* myself. I wish we were at home once again, I be bailed I don't so soon again walk through this great, monstrous house at night. They still however continued their pace till they had mounted into the highest loft. Here their teeth chattered and their hair stood all on end. Jemmy halloed, whoever is hungry come out of your hole! Monima and her father had been stowed by Betty under the eave's of the roof, and placed two boards in front to conceal them more effectually. The voice that now offered them nourishment was strange, and though her weakness and debility was excessive, yet she felt most sensibly for her suffering father: she faintly requested him to rise: with much ado he got on his almost frozen feet, and with one push they threw down the boards, and fell headlong out on the floor. Screams were instantly echoed from every mouth; candles, provision-baskets, and clubs all flew hither, and you or he, or she that could fall swiftest down the stairs, was deemed most safe from the powers of the ghosts. Jemmy had kept hold of his candle instinctively: this had broke in the fall, but had not been extinguished. They flew with all imaginable speed from the mansion. Suckey's fright had kept her from falling into fits, and she declared it was the very same ghost she had seen at the south window with the white cap. The subject was amply discussed between these innocent creatures, and at length it was concluded among them that Jemmy should go next morning and render an account of the whole affair to Monsieur Sontine.

Meanwhile, Monima and her father had gradually raised themselves and advanced slowly toward the candles; here was bread and cheese, and meat strewed about in great abundance; but hunger and cold had pressed too hard upon the already enfeebled nerves of the emaciated and excessively unfortunate Fontanbleu. He fainted amidst abundance. Moni-

ma clung to her father and wept aloud. Her suffering was excruciating: she thought he was dead, and she resolved to die also. After a little time however, he stirred and raised his head. She kissed him for joy, took up one of the candles, and, with a manly resolution, proceeded down stairs with a determination to make her distresses known, and claim the compassion of the hardened possessor of the house: she, however, could not find a living being. The fire in the great parlour had been carefully put out, and the fuel that remained under one of the tables, she hastily gathered, and, with the candle, soon kindled a very comfortable fire. Several bottles of cordials, brandy and wine remained on the side-board. She dragged herself up to her father as speedily as her weakness would admit, and, with a filial tenderness, aided him in descending the stairs. Then she ascended once more, and brought down such of the bread and meat as she thought would best answer their debilitated state, drew the table toward the fire-side, and, with a heart bursting with joy, she poured out and handed a glass of refreshing cordial to her smiling father.

(To be continued)

PITY.

In the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals, amongst the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Wherefore they appeared, the flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radience, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence, They were inseperable conpanions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them so soon as they were arrived at maturer years. But in the mean time the sons of man deviated from their native innocence; Vice and Ruin over-ran the earth with giant strides; and Astrea; with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their poluted abodes. Love only remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse Sorrow, the daughter of Até. He complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable, her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypress and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her Pity. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove pursued by a hawk flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mein, that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in amongst them, and captivate their hearts by her tales full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland composed of her father's myrtles, twisted with her mother's cypress.

One day, as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since, the Muses' spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare, and throbbing; her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mothers is so; and when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 26, 1801.

THE MONITOR—NO. VIII.

THE evils that a person with an unsuspicious temper of mind, is liable to in the necessary intercourses of society, are various and intricate; and it is a misfortune that those who suffer most from the invasions of deceit, are best capable of being benefited by necessary and wholesome advice, Nothing but the actual conviction of the fault in a pretended friend, can open their eyes to their own erroneous opinions, of his or her supposed excellence. A hint from a well-wishing neighbour as a caution against the doubtfulness of the pretended asseverations of friendship in the sharper, creates a distrust in the unexpecting one the goodness of the neighbours heart until the disappointment follows by direful experience, and they seldom become wiser even by repeated disappointments. Of the world in general, they begin to harbour very indifferent ideas, but the first conspicuous individual pretender, soon gains the same ascendancy over the mind, and has it in his power soon to bring repeated sorrow on the guiltless heart of confiding simplicity.

It were a vain attempt to point out the arts of deceitfulness, and the necessary precautions to avoid its snares; and alike unavailing it may be to endeavour to restrain the wicked usurpation of duplicity over unsuspecting confidence. What purpose can it answer those malicious imposters to insinuate themselves as persons of sensibility, who, with a tearful eye, pretend to participate in the misfortunes of those who confidingly unbosom their sorrow, and yet redouble those misfortunes by the excruciating pang of disappointing them in their hope of having found a confidential friend. I ask again, what purpose can it answer? Does it enrich them? Does it make them more respectable? Do they gain a greater degree of felf approbation by it? Do they enjoy more serenity of mind from it? Certainly, not. 'Tis merely a mean, base self-gratification; a groveling disposition, that feels exalted in the opportunity of retailing news, and propagating *scandle* at times, at the expence of truth, and even, the feeling of humanity.

Nothing more effectual can be said to the maliciously deceitful than this, that their race is quickly run, and that the contempt of the well-thinking, will ever be their portion.

MEN's zeal for religion is much of the same kind as that they shew for a foot-ball: whenever it is contested for, every one is ready to venture their lives and limbs in the dispute; but when that is once at an end, it is no more thought on, but sleeps in oblivion, buried in rubbish, which no one thinks it worth his pains to rake into, much less to remove.

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Kuyper, Mr. *Richard Kedney* to Miss *Maria Lewis* both of this city.

At Philadelphia, Sept. 22—by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstine, Mr. *Charles Harford* to Miss *Mary Auner*.

At Charlston, the Rev. Mr. *Israel munds*, to Mrs. *Charlotte D. Mayer*; Mr. *Lawrence Quackenbuck*, to Miss. *Mary Pringle*; and Mr. *John Paton*, to Miss *Sarah Dobel*.

DIED,

Yesterday morning of fever, *George Shakelock*, hair dresser, a native of Great-Britain.

At Philadelphia, Mr. *George Roberts*, merchant, of a cancer.

At Fort Adam, Mississippi Territory, on the 14th July, Capt. *William Smith*, of the 3d. U. S. regt. of infantry.

At the Lazaretto, (Del.) on Thursday last Dr. *Hall*, visiting Pbysician at that establishment.

On the 1st inst. on his passage from St. Jago Baltimore, Capt. *Samuel Hopkins*, son of Mr. John Hopkins, of Baltimore County, aged 22 years.

On Sunday evening, *Hermun Stump*, Esq. of Hartford, Maryland, a man eminently distinguished for his activity usefulness and probity.

On Sunday night, the 20th inst. much and deservedly lamented by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, Mr. *John Harrison*.

At Baltimore, on Thursday morning last, Mr. *John Staman*, Merchant.

At Charleston, Mr. *Benjamin Dupont*.

At Norfolk, Mrs. *Ann Mackay*; and Mrs. *Elizabeth Ward*.

At Schenectady, on the 8th inst. *Mr. Samuel S. Brush*, merchant of that city, in the 24th year of his age.

SELECTED POETRY.

AN ADDRESS TO ZEPHYR.

WRITTEN ON A YOUNG LADY'S FAN.

HITHER, thou playful zephyr! hither haste!
Nor more on frolic wing delighted rove,
The sweets of each luxuriant flow'r to taste,
That decks the meadow or perfumes the grove:

Here, to a far more pleasiug task attend!
Lo! Delia calls thee in the sultry hour,
To her thy flight in mazy circles bend,
Delia! to whom is dull the brightest flow'r.

See how the genial warmth her eye illumes,
And on each charm a rip'ning grace bestows,
How her flush'd cheek a brighter hue assumes,
And "deeper sweets" her op'ning lips disclose.

From her warm forehead see! in playful maze,
A pearly drop its wanton way pursues,
And fondly loit'ring o'er each beauty strays,
Reluctant such alluring charms to lose.

As some clear stream, whose waves soft murm'ring flow,
In wild meanders thro' the grassy vale,
'Midst the fresh buds that on his borders blow,
Ling'ring winds, till all his sources fail.

Then hast thou, tasteless Zephyr! blushing come!
That thus thou must be woo'd to her embrace,
Here o'er those vivid flowrets wanton roam,
That bloom unrivall'd in her glowing face.

Why cans't thou linger in the mead? tho' fair
That Lilly, and tho' bright that blushing rose,
With Delia's mouth what rosebud can compare?
Fair as her silken neck, what lilly blows?

O! could I throw aside this mortal clay,
Your airy form of flutt'ring wings to take,
Nought should my eager, anxious flight delay,
Each incense-breathing bow'r I'd quick forsake.

Then should it be my fondest, only care,
To Delia at the day's first down to fly,
Steal thro' the window to the slumb'ring fair,
And wake the fire that slept within her eye.

O'er ev'ry charm then freely could I rove,
(Those heav'nly charms by ev'ry youth ador'd,)
Feast on that neck swell'd by the hand of love,
And leave no blushing beauty unexplor'd.

O never would I leave those seats of bliss;
From fairest flow'rs the balmiest sweets to sip,
From her alone I'd steal the playful kiss,
And live eternal on the dewy lip. Q. V.

EPITAPH

ON A DYER'S WIFE.

My Wife has died, and gone to dust,
A useful Wife to me,
For not a Soul alive, I trust,
Has dy'd so much as she.

To die, indeed, was all her pride,
For threescore years and four;
She dy'd each day—she liv'd, and dy'd
When she could live no more.

Her name was up for dying well,
And well known was her stall;
The hose she dyed was sure to sell,
When hose were sold at all.

But she grew old, I know not why,
Her dying days were past;
So e'en for want of hose to dye,
She died herself at last.

EPITAPH.

WRITTEN BY A PASSENGER ON A BLANK TOMB-STONE.

HERE lies a thing that once had life,
His name was this, or that, or t'other;
He took a woman for his wife,
And had a female for his mother.

His legs were longer than his toes,
And when they mov'd about, he walk'd:
He had a tongue, the story goes,
And when he talk'd at all, he ta!k'd.

Betwix't the poles, on good dry ground,
He liv'd, this side the moon, no doubt;
He died, but whether hang'd or drown'd,
'T would cost too much to find it out.

His nose was 'twixt his eyes, and fast;
His eyes were too, and side by side,
He died, just when he breath'd his last,
And liv'd just till he died.

To tell his many deeds, or few,
I thank my stars, is not my task;
Perhaps another knows, or knew,
And he who wants to know, may ask.

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